

## The Season's Serial Sensation

## In the Web of Life

Constance and Edith Have a Serious Quarrel Over Ralph's Accusations.

By Virginia Terhune Van de Water.

THE sound of an automobile coming up the driveway drew Constance to the window of her room where she had been sitting since leaving the piano a half hour ago. She had been trying to finish a dainty shirtwaist she was embroidering for Edith, but her fingers were not as steady as usual and she had set the regular stitches with difficulty. She was strangely agitated today, disturbed by a feeling as if something of an unusual nature were about to happen. She welcomed the sound of the approaching motor car as an excuse for abandoning her sewing and looking out of the window. She was not often as easily altered from any task.

"It's only Ralph and Edith," she murmured as she looked slowly around the turn in the driveway. "He looks self-satisfied as usual. But Edith doesn't seem happy. I wonder what's been saying to her." She heard her aunt greet the pair at the front door when the automobile had come to a stop. "Hello, Constance," she heard her aunt call. "Hello, Edith." Constance's voice rang out clearly, and the man's polite declaration was heard. Constance's ears. If Edith spoke, it was in such a low voice that her cousin did not hear. Edith, however, who was in a quiet mood, the listener's conscience smote her as she thought that possibly her own impatient speech of several hours ago, and her silence at Ralph's advances toward peace had added to the girl's depression. She determined that she would do her part toward healing the breach—if breach there were. To this end she moved her door as she heard Edith coming upstairs.

"Come in here, dear, won't you?" she called cheerily. Edith paused in the doorway, looking gravely at the speaker. "Why?" she asked. "Have you anything special to say to me?" "Come in and I'll tell you," Constance urged. Then, as the girl obeyed, Constance closed the door behind them both, and, turning to her companion impulsively, put her arm about her.

"Dear," she said, "forgive me for being so sharp in my speech this morning. And forgive me also for not answering you when you spoke last night to me as you were starting off on your drive. At that moment I could not reply, for I was nervous and foolishly upset, and was afraid to trust my voice lest I show some emotion. But I was not angry with you then, dear. As to what I said to you this morning about your having returned that letter—you must please pardon it. I spoke on the impulse of the moment and about a matter that has nothing to do with my business. I am sure you love me enough to overlook it all, don't you, Edith?"

"There's no need to apologize," she said, gravely. "From what Ralph tells me you were vexed with him for the same reason that you were vexed with me. He has also mentioned other things that hurt me, but I can excuse that."

"What thinks?" demanded Constance.

## BEER MADE AT HOME

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## Their Married Life

Nora Burns Her Arm and Helen Has an Exciting Time Getting a Doctor.

(Copyright, 1914, International News Service.)

HELEN looked up from the book she was reading as the kitchen door closed with a bang. At the same time there was a noise as of something falling, and the next minute Nora stood in the doorway, her apron wrapped around her arm and her lips white and trembling.

"Why, Nora, what is it?" as the girl stood silent. And then, noticing the hand wrapped up in the apron, "You've hurt yourself; let me see it. Right away!"

Helen unwound the apron from the girl's arm, and then started back. "Nora, you've burned yourself horribly; how did you do it?" The girl's arm was burned badly from the wrist to the elbow, already the skin had blistered and was falling away in places. It was the kind of a burn that needed medical attention immediately to prevent a terrible scar. And so far Nora had not spoken a word.

"Come into the bathroom, Nora, and I'll put something on it that may make it feel a little better. We'll have the doctor here at once as I can telephone for him."

Nora followed Helen into the bathroom, and while Helen rummaged around in the little medicine chest for gauze and some ointment that she knew was good for burns, Nora staggered and fell. She would have fallen had not Helen pushed her down into a chair.

"You poor thing," she said, "how did you do it, Nora, or would you rather not stand?"

Nora smiled faintly. "The land that was left from the doughnuts. I was pouring it into a bowl, and it tipped up suddenly."

Helen nodded sympathetically. She was examining the arm, which was in a truly dreadful condition. There was no possibility of wiping the grease away, for the skin was too badly burned, so Helen took a piece of gauze and wound the gauze around it loosely. Then she ran into the telephone room, conscious that it might have been better to do that in the first place, and called up the doctor, who had always been called on whenever they had need of him.

"Morning, 1914. Yes, Central. Hurry, please. Oh, no, this is a private call, certainly."

"Could they never answer? Hello, Hello! Can you hurry that number, please, Central? Yes, I know; yes, Dr. Bentley is this morning, please 1914. Yes, is Dr. Bentley there? Just now? Oh, dear! No. Nothing, thank you, goodbye."

Helen hung up the receiver, wondering what she had better do. "Does it hurt very badly now, Nora?" she called, and then Nora did not answer she rushed into the bathroom to find the girl had fainted away. There must be something wrong with her arm, she thought. She could get to dress the arm. There was a new doctor in one of the apartment buildings—she would try him.

Rushing back to the telephone she rang up the boy downstairs. "Is there a doctor in this building?"

"Yes, Dr. Marshall. Please connect me with his apartment."

"The boy, conscious of the fright in Helen's voice, once attended to his business, and a second later a man's voice answered Helen's frightened Hello."

"Yes, this is Dr. Marshall."

"This is Mrs. Curtis. Could you come up immediately, doctor? My maid has burned her arm. Yes, we are on the fourth floor. Thank you so much. There was a click as the man hung up the receiver, and Helen turned thankfully away. Then she hurried over to the sideboard and poured out a tiny glass full of whiskey, which she forced down Nora's white lips. A moment later the bell of the apartment rang, and Helen went to the door. A good-looking young man, who bowed to her professionally and then looked around inquiringly for the doctor.

"She is in the bathroom, doctor. She has fainted once, although I tried to

thankfully into the chair that Helen pulled over, while Helen stood up, came of the dishes from the floor and began making arrangements for Warren's dinner.

"I'm glad I had a steak sent in for this evening, Nora; it's the easiest thing in the world to cook. Let's see that goes into the broiler, doesn't it?"

"Yes, ma'am, but I never start the fire under it until Mr. Curtis comes. Then it's always done just right. Mr. Curtis likes his meat rare."

"All right. I'll just put it in the broiler and have it ready, and then I'll light the gas later. I guess I'll cream some potatoes, and we'll warm those carrots up for tonight. Is there any lettuce in the icebox? Oh, yes, I'll slice some tomatoes and make some mayonnaise. I know you were going to have fruit salad, Nora, but we won't bother tonight. And we'll have the doughnuts and some canned fruit for dessert. Why, what's this? Oh, Nora, did you break one of these plates?"

"Yes, ma'am," admitted Nora, meekly, "burning her arm. I burned my arm and the pain was so bad I couldn't see for a minute, and I just shoved it off before I knew what I was doing."

Helen hesitated; she hated to scold Nora for anything right now, but the plate had been broken, and she had told Nora repeatedly to be very careful about leaving any of the set around the house. Where they might be broken.

"A. Clever Retort."

"But what was the plate doing there? I told you not to leave those dishes around the kitchen, Nora, don't you remember?"

"Yes, ma'am," said Nora again, "but I was just going to carry some doughnuts in to you, and they do look so pretty on the plate. I'll be careful."

Helen had to smile at the girl's artfulness.

"What about the cake plates? We have two or three that are very much like this one."

"I know, ma'am, but I was in a hurry, and I left them all in the other closet. I'm sorry, Mrs. Curtis," and Nora looked up at Helen with a real apology in her honest eyes.

"Well, we won't say anything more about it this time, Nora. I'll try to match the plate downstairs. But you must be careful not to use that china unless I tell you to. Now I guess everything is about ready. Don't bother anything, Nora. I'll come out and light the gas under the broiler as soon as Mr. Curtis comes in."

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## Advice To the Lovelorn

By Beatrice Fairfax.

## CULTIVATE FRIENDSHIP.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I have been going out with a young man for almost six months. He is 22 and I am 18. I like him very much, but don't really love him and I don't know if he loves me. We always go out together and he never says anything of love to me. Should I continue to go out with him if I really am not deeply in love with him? I think too much of him to give him up and yet I don't love him. He is a fine man, of good position and excellent character in every respect. He never asked me to keep steady company with him.

Perplexed. Enjoy this young man's friendship and don't worry about love—especially since you say that all you feel is liking. If love comes, it will probably come to both of you at the same time. In the meantime you have companionship and admiration and respect to make it valuable to you.

## MAKING WEDDING PICTURE.

Dear Miss Fairfax: We are a young couple just married about three weeks. We have attended a niece's wedding, and a reception to the cake cutting, and a photograph was taken. Was it proper to leave the close relatives out of the photograph, as the groom's mother, uncle, aunt and other close relations and just take it of a lot of young folks that are not related?

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. There is no standard for making such photographs and they should be

made to please the bride and groom. If it was their wish to have the photograph contain the pictures of their young friends, that was their right. If they wanted it made with their close relatives, it was also their privilege. Properly does not enter into it.

## DON'T BE A SNOB.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I have met a young man several times and he has asked me to go out. Shall I accept his invitation or refuse? He is a doctor and far above me, as I am only a poor girl. How can I tell whether this man is in earnest or only fooling? His actions are very gentlemanly. I am very much in doubt as to what to do.

Violet. Don't be a snob in your attitude toward yourself, my dear Violet. In both dictation and writing, your little note indicates refinement. I am sure that the mere matter of your poverty does not prevent your being a desirable friend for the young doctor, who respects your character and not your financial position. Enjoy this friendship and keep on writing, gentlemen. If I am sure that I am sure that even if the friendship does not develop into love, it will be earnest and worth your while.

## DON'T BE IMPATIENT.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I met a desirable young man several months ago and until last week we had been keeping steady company. He promised to call me up some time during the week, but failed to do so. What shall I do, as I love him dearly?

Marjorie McK. You are too impatient. You probably do not love him at all, but merely think you do. Anyhow, wait. If he wants to call you, he will.

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